

NORTHEASTERN JOURNAL



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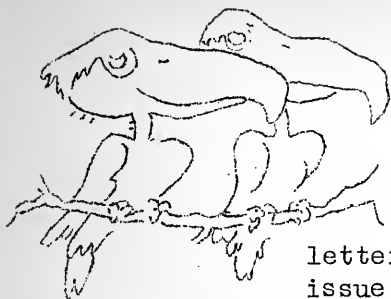
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The Mississippi Square Dance Festival, sponsored by the Greater Jackson Square Dance Council, will be held in Jackson, Miss. January 26th & 27th. Write to Andy Anderson, 1038 Cedarhill Dr. Jackson, Miss. for more information.

Glenn Vannermen, Richmond, Virginia, Church Recreation Specialist, has joined the staff of the New Hampshire Year-End Camp, which will be held in Keene, N.H. December 28 - January 1st inclusive. You won't want to miss this event.



TAKE IT OR LEAVE IT

Lovers of a reasonable type of square dancing should take heart from reading the letter from "Duke" Miller in this issue of the NORTHERN JUNKET. It is the first bit of concrete evidence that we have seen that enough dancers are concerned enough to do something about it. There will be some gnashing of teeth in some quarters of course when the news gets around that for some dancers the modern fad of the latest and the fastest is not the final answer.

Another encouraging note is the reception to an occasional old-time Lancers in the dance programs of my classes late this summer, at folk dance camps; notably, Nova Scotia, New Hampshire Camp and Stowe, Vermont. Good music recorded by London in Canada on their Ace of Clubs label is available at a very reasonable cost - in Canada.

Not all of the Lancers figures were dull and dreary. Certainly figures 4 & 5 of the Students Lancers as given on the record jacket of the London recording, are evidence enough that there was something to this form of the dance beside "bowing and scraping". And on that high note it is well to sign off for now. With all best wishes for a good holiday.

Sincerely

Ralph



THE CALLER'S WIFE

by RUTH HORN

Lucky is the square dance caller whose wife shares with him a love of people and an enthusiasm for bringing to others the fun of square dancing. She may help him in a hundred ways, but her most valuable contribution is that of arriving at each dance with a sparkle in her eyes and an attitude that this is great fun. Her zestful approach heightens her husband's joy in his work and together they generate a feeling of fun and friendliness among the dancers.

Ideally, the caller and his wife work as a team. How much and what kind of help she gives him depends on the personalities and abilities of both of them. If he is so well adjusted emotionally that he can accept all the help she has to offer, and if her talents are varied, she can do a great many things to make his job easier and his success greater.

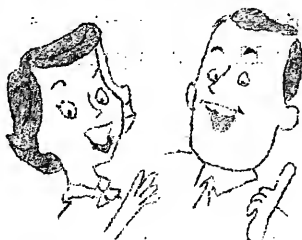
When people telephone about square dancing she is friendly and gracious and careful to relay their messages to her husband with accurate names and phone numbers attached. She keeps a calender for him so that he never, never becomes the big man who wasn't there. She makes sure that both his and her costumes are clean and in good taste. She helps him make up the programs for the dances, not because she wants hey gray matter to show, but because two people talking over a program together are more apt to achieve variety, changes of pace, and accurate dancing level than is one person working alone. She keeps available a list of all the dances he can call, and encourages him to learn new dances. She makes sure that he is well supplied with square dance books and magazines and helps him to acquire fresh material by remembering the interesting new break used by a visiting caller, and jotting down the distilled wisdom offered at a workshop. She relieves him of bookkeeping by entering in a ledger not only his receipts, but all his square-dance-connected expenses.



The caller's wife is the liason between the dancers and the caller. Because she dances to his calling she gives him the dancers' viewpoint. She knows firsthand which dances are the most fun and she tells him what makes them so. She pinpoints for him the rough place in a routine, and helps him work out a more directional call or a smoother sequence of figures. She learns to do some calling herself - not to rival her husband, but to provide a change of pace in the program, and to let him relax for a few minutes. She builds up a repertory of party games suitable for square dances, learns how to make favors and decorations and helps committees when they are responsible for special parties.

On the evening of the dance she rehearses the round dances with him. She may or may not be obliged

to help him carry the P.A. equipment, but she does know how to set it up, and when necessary she hooks up the speakers and plugs in the mike. Because she wants the dancers to have a good time, she takes over the duties of a gracious hostess. As the dancers arrive she makes a point of greeting them, and even the late-comers who trickle in while she is in the middle of a do-si-do, feel welcome because she waves or yells a friendly "Hi!", and because she makes sure that they get into a set at the beginning of the very next dance. She sees that each dancer has a name tag. At the first session she registers the dancers and not only records their addresses and phone numbers, but memorizes their names. She makes sure that guests and new members are introduced over the microphone, and that those who provided refreshments are given proper recognition.



Realizing how very demanding in time, attention, and energy is the job of calling, the little woman frees her husband of the marginal responsibilities. If the floor is too slippery she gets out the can of baby powder she brought along. If the hall is too warm she gets some big, strong man to open the windows. She signals to her husband if the balance between music and voice needs changing. She helps him demonstrate the round dances, then cheerfully undertakes to teach them to that fellow with two left feet. She learns to dance the man's part in an allemande thar and a ladies chain and rather than let seven people sit out because somebody's husband stepped on a nail, she steps in with a borrowed fedora.



There are some things she is careful NOT to do. She never tries to teach a figure while her husband is talking. She never criticizes him in front of or to the dancers. She doesn't get involved in clashes of personalities. She doesn't compete with the dancers for partners.

When the dance is over she is on hand to say "Good night and hurry back." Then she makes sure that regulations have been complied with - windows locked, ashtrays emptied. When the last piece of equipment is in the car and her husband settles himself behind the wheel, she turns to him with sincere admiration and observes, "You really gave them a good dance tonight. You were wonderful!"

(In NC&EDLA News Letter)



MARRIED: Eleanor Reilly to Daniel Foley, in June, at the Church of the Most Precious Blood, Hyde Park, Mass.

MARRIED: Doris Steele to William Possi, Jr. on Saturday, September 9th in Christ Church, Cambridge.

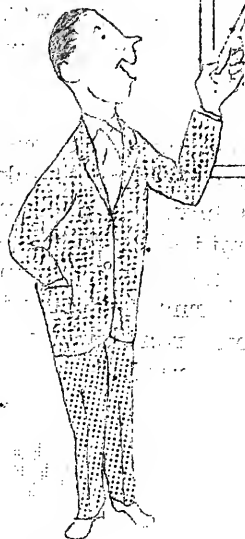
MARRIED: Paula Bordun to Kost Pankiowskyj, on Saturday, September 23rd in M.I.T. Chapel, Cambridge, Mass.

Seacoast Region (N.H.) has opened its thirteenth season and have a full schedule for the 2nd and 4th Saturday of each month, with these two exceptions: November 18th and December 16th. The second Saturday dances in Dover City Hall are open dances; fourth Saturday dances in Kingston Town Hall are for members and guest of members only.

The First Tobacco Land Round-up is scheduled for Friday & Saturday, November 17, 18, 1961, in National Guard Armory, State College Campus, Raleigh, N.C.

GOOD-WILL TUTOR

by EARL SMITH



For a number of years one man has been single-handedly waging a campaign, urging the development of an effective program of instruction and training for sea-going Sailors and Marines which would pave the way for more enjoyable visits and, at the same time, make them better representatives of their country overseas. His aim is to develop a truer understanding of the American people by the people of other lands through the routine shore liberties of U.S. military personnel.

His name is Dave Rosenberg, and he looks like a younger version of TV's Captain Kangaroo. His wiry, red walrus mustache somehow suggests an alliance with a foaming beer mug in a German beer garden. A baggy, unpressed, olive green corduroy jacket and oversized soft collar with loosely tied cravat are indicative of the artist within the man. When he speaks, bushy brows perform impossible gyrations over eyes alive with fervor. His conversation is animated and persuasive. He's a born pitchman.

At the moment, Dave is carrying on a one-man, unfinanced program on behalf of servicemen to teach them as he has many hundreds of others, that with a minimum of preparation they can go ashore, speak a few words of the language, exchange polite, pleasant greetings with the citizens, behave in the best - although sometimes unusual - traditions of the country, and be regarded as real people, rather than purse-heavy, rude, unwanted tourists.

For 15 years, since his discharge from the Navy in 1945, Dave has been the art director for All Hands Magazine, the official Navy publication. But in addition to his work as an artist, he is a man of many talents. Dave is widely considered one of the world's foremost authorities on folk dancing, and he is an excellent professional photographer. He is a hobbyist of all hobbies, something of a magician, a historian of folk legends, costumes and music, and a collector of the wierdest array of national and international oddities a five room apartment can hold. There are costumes of all countries and centuries, books, strange musical instruments, cooking utensils, shoes and boots of other eras and climes, stacks of films and tape recordings of rituals and folk music, and a totem pole!



Like his staccato conversation, which sometimes seems to ramble off on three-dimensional tangents, his avocations and prized possessions would appear to be unrelated. Nothing could be further from the truth. When he rambles, he always returns to his original premise, and there is always an undeniable, concrete relation.

Recently, while anticipating an assignment for his magazine, aboard the USS NORTHAMPTON, Rosenberg

arranged for the ship to carry a safari load of boxes, trunks and cases containing a carefully selected and wide assortment of what Dave chooses to call "people-to-people tools."

"Cameras?" asked Captain Harold Bowen, USN skipper of the ship.

"I believe in being prepared," said Dave with an enigmatic smile.

He was looking forward to boarding the ship in Scotland, and then completing the cruise to Oslo, Norway and Stockholm, Sweden.

When he came aboard he had brought cameras and film to shoot photos for his magazine, but he had also brought something else - the determination that every citizen who met an American Sailor or Marine from the NORTHAMPTON would see and remember a truer representative of America. Rosenberg also hoped that he could, by informal talks to the crew and officers, smooth the way for greater enjoyment in their visits to Scotland, Sweden and Norway.

Dave's one-man good-will, people-to-people operation is always successful; it never fails because it is built on a simple premise: that American servicemen are looking for the unfamiliar pleasures and enjoyment offered by the country being visited, and the friendship and companionship of the people of the country. Rosenberg points the way to them with an ingenious program which includes every angle, from informal talks on the customs and language of the country, to gifts of Indian feathers and phonograph records to the people who visit the ship. American military personnel who fall under Dave's spell step ashore as the finest representatives of our People-to-People Program - without even knowing it.



With military gentlemen for raw material, Dave is heartened by the results he achieves. His lectures on fragments of the language, the customs and foods of the country, and his encouragement of participation in entertainment functions ashore bring about a warm international understanding, on a man-from-the-ship to man-on-the-shore level. He has proved that the American serviceman can go into homes, churches and social groups and behave with distinction, leaving never-to-be-forgotten images of good will and friendship, and correct the wrong impressions, spread and established by a cold-way enemy.



On the NORTHAMPTON, Dave scheduled one-hour lectures to brief the men on the countries they would be visiting. He taught them the common sign language of the countries, the ways of everyday living.

In England and Sweden, for example, people walk on the left side of the sidewalk the same as the rolling traffic; a Marine walking on the right side will continually be bumping into or dodging local pedestrians.

In Scotland the people are Scots, things are Scottish and only the drink is "Scotch".

In Sweden, when drinking coffee in a friend's home, the Swede asks for just five drops (fem droppe) when he wants a refill.

In Norway, when sliding past people to an empty theatre seat, it is polite to face the people you are sliding past, not the screen.

In Scandinavia, a toast is a "skoal". Toasting is skoaling. And, very important, when skoaling a lady, the gentleman looks directly into her eyes - not around the cafe.

In Oslo, you don't flag a cab by running out to it but you wait in line for it - or go to a "phone cab stand" and call one to you.

These are examples of Rosenberg's hints, just tiny details, but for the native, they carry import; they are compliments to the country, in that the American has bothered to learn them and use them.

Fifteen hundred Sailors and Marines attended Dave's lectures and eagerly soaked up the help he had to offer. They watched movies, made by Dave in America and overseas, of the folk customs, dances and festivals held by Scottish, Swedish and Norwegian folk societies. These same movies, when shown in the countries visited, brought back fond memories and amazement to the older members of the audiences, astonished by the fact that century-old dances are still being done in America, when they are all but forgotten in the countries of their origin.

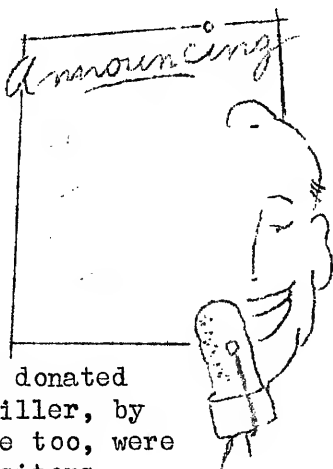
Fifteen hundred men, prepared, briefed and happily anticipating leave ashore in a country where they will be able to find a cute chick, date her, and have as good a time as any couple in any small town in America - is an accomplishment in which Dave can find pride and satisfaction.

But the lectures are only the beginning. The American going abroad seeks to be entertained, forgetting that he may possibly provide entertainment for the peo-



ple whose land he is visiting. Dave takes care of this item with dispatch. Aboard the NORTHAMPTON he developed and rehearsed a complete show which, under other circumstances, any theatrical agent would have found profitable to book. Cartons were unpacked and yielded Scottish, Norwegian and Swedish traditional costumes, a few strange musical instruments and recordings of native folk music. Informal dance instruction sessions were held, all part of the show, but happy assets later, when Dave would arrange parties with folk societies after the ship docked.

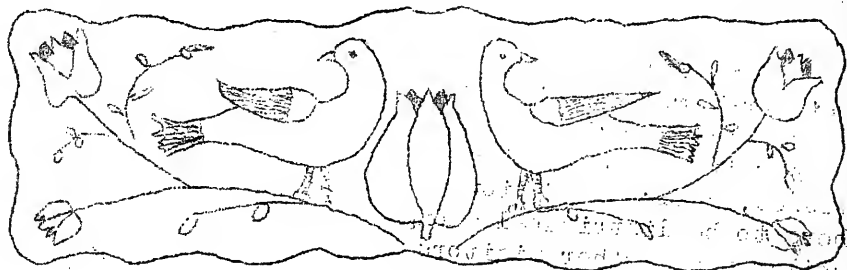
From his cartons Dave brought forth magic equipment, to be used in his act. There were other items too: Indian headresses, hundreds of Sioux feathers to be distributed among the children and other visitors to the ship. Large boxes contained 20,000 extended play 45 RPM records of modern American music, donated through the assistance of Mitch Miller, by the Columbia Record Company. These too, were handed out as gifts to pleased visitors. Versatile Marines popped up who could do quite expertly Irish jigs and reels, our Southwest Indian hoop dance and Judo. They even made their own "hoppi" coats for the Judo demonstration.



With a complete show routined and rehearsed, crew members briefed and plans for shore activity drawn, the NORTHAMPTON tied up confidently at Greenock, Scotland. Thousands of visitors trailed up to her ladders for an inspection tour. They went away carrying phonograph records. Indian feathers and the memory of a hospitable crew. Ashore, orphans and children in hospitals were entertained with a typical American variety show; the crew members brought a few happy hours to the children at the Quarrier's home for epileptics.

In Norway and Sweden the program followed a simi-

lar pattern; unending lines of visitors to the ship; parties aboard and ashore. Entertainment for the old and the sick. And through it all was the unerring guidance of Dave Rosenberg.



In Norway, a hall had been promised for a dance. Forty lovely telephone operators, student nurses and costumes Norwegian dancers and musicians were on hand to meet American Marines. Arrangements for the hall went awry and Dave found himself with a show, a band and a hundred people milling on the sidewalk. Now, a public square may be fine for dancing in July or August, but in 10-degree weather other accommodations are necessary. The resourceful Rosenberg smiled broadly, called all the taxis available and made a phone call.

His friends at Noregs Ungdomslag, the Folk Society of Oslo, found a hall but, unfortunately, it was at the moment in use. However, the occupants would be leaving in half an hour. He could use it after they left.

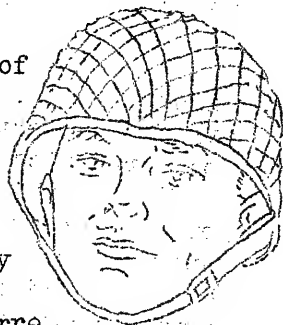
Again, there was a misunderstanding, and the society, meeting in the hall, refused to give it up. They would be there for the rest of the night. Since they were only occupying half of the huge room, Dave asked for the other half. Finally they came to an agreement - upon learning that the Americans had brought not only a group of Norwegian dancers, but an American floor show. The deal was consummated after payment of half the evening's rent - 50 Kroner or about \$18.

For awhile the Oslo Society remained stuffy, and

continued to occupy its half of the hall, but when they heard the band playing their own music, and saw Dave doing their own dances, more expertly than they had ever seen them done, they joined in with gusto and the affair turned into a gala evening. Norwegian dances were alternated with American dances and every one joined in on polkas, reinlanders, rumbas and the bunny-hop. Partners changed frequently; guys and gals swapped bits of language and inexpensive keepsakes, and all the other things that guys and gals keep wherever they are.

In all three countries, Marines and Sailors went on the usual buying sprees - souvenirs for friends at home. "The standard souvenir is all right," says Dave, "but it's too often manufactured as a souvenir. The best souvenirs are sometimes found in the department stores where they are sold as usable items to the people of that country."

In Sweden, Dave took a group of Marines and Sailors into the basement of one of these stores where they found, in the household department, counters of unfathomable objects whose use had to be researched by the clerks themselves - as anywhere, good-looking young girls who spoke a charming half-English. Bizarre items, like metal pyramids for making ice cream cone-like pastry and unrecognizable eggbeaters made conversational-piece souvenirs not available at the novelty kiosks. And, cute clerks make better dates than hardened B-girls.



A scheduled stop in Helsinki, Finland, was canceled due to heavy ice packs and adverse weather conditions, and the NORTHAMPTON headed for home. At sea, Dave turned to developing and printing the photos he had taken; his happy memories of the cruise enhanced by the satisfaction that he had made the visit a treasured experience for 1500 Marines and Sailors who

brought home with them a new impression of the countries visited, and who had left behind them a true image of America.

(from LEATHERNECK MAGAZINE, Jan. 1961)

Gloversville, N.Y.

11/6/61



Hi Ralph:-

Many thanks for the boosts in the Bulletin and in the Junket. Here is some more ammunition.

Recently I heard a saying that my Dad used a lot:- "When looking for a helping hand, don't forget to look at the end of your own arm."

Ed and Dru Gilmore recently stayed overnight with us. As you know he has long been a missionary for Comfortable Dancing in opposition to the hot-rod acrobatics encouraged by some callers. According to Ed something is now happening which should please you as much as it does him. It is called "Old Smoothie Square Dance Club" movement. Apparently this is a spontaneous uprising among experienced dancers. No one knows exactly where it started because it is spreading so fast that it cannot be pinned down to any one place. Ed first heard of it in Kansas. My information is entirely second-hand, but the following points are evident:

1. The backers are not people unable to do "hot-rod" or "go-go" dancing. Most of them know and can do the latest trick calls, kicks, and whirls. Many have been teachers or callers. They just became fed up with the tensions which go with that kind of dancing.

2. The name has drawing power and is ideal because it indicates the main objective of the movement.

3. Several of these dancers had dropped out of dancing completely, because they no longer got pleasure out of situations which came up when people were ostracized for delay in response to some crazy term which meant nothing to anyone except the caller and his close buddies.

4. The growth of the O.S. movement is truly tremendous, both in numbers of clubs and the return to the large-sized groups.

5. The clubs apparently insist on following these ideas in various degrees:

(a) Tempos never over 130, often less.

(b) Use of only 20-25 basics absolutely necessary for a top-notch combination of eastern and western figures, often fewer.

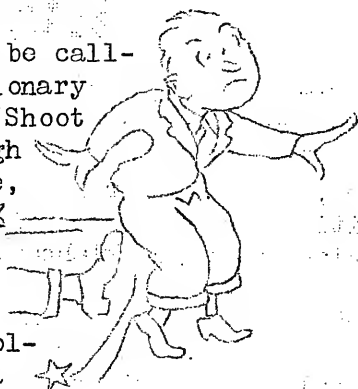
(c) The remaining 150 or more trick calls, gimmicks, and so called "basics" are tossed out of the window.

(d) All dances must be called in what Gilmore terms "dictionary English." Such expressions as "Shoot the moon" etc. are out, although the same movements may, and are, done to calls which any dancer can understand.

(e) No excessive kicks, stomps, or whirls are tolerated. Emphasis is on use of a smooth gliding step, perhaps with an occasional two-step.

(f) Effort is made to restore ability to swing smoothly for more than the modern 4 beats.

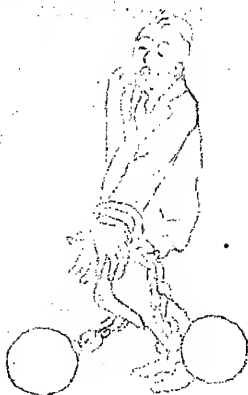
(g) Originally, the O.S. clubs were composed of pretty experienced dancers. Recently, some of



... ..

SYSTEM

by GEORGE GOSS



We have become the victims of a vicious system. By "we" I mean the square dancers and the square dance callers, with possibly the callers being the most to blame for our predicament, but both must bear a share of the guilt. Most systems are planned and based on past errors and successes and are created to simplify. But the system in whose web we dancers and the callers are enmeshed, like Topsy, just grew.

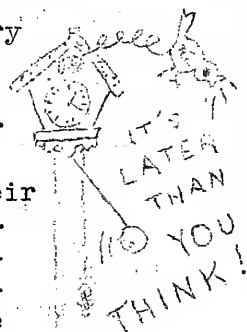
It is pretty generally accepted that the printed word is a moulder of public opinion. You know, the pen is mightier than the sword, and all that jazz. About 10 years ago a couple of smart operators remembered this adage and almost overnight your square dance world changed.

One of these smart cats was an enterprising caller; the other was the owner of what was then a small square dance record company. The caller had a record made and bought half a page in several square dance magazines, where he extolled to the skies in big, bold,

capital letters, the virtues of his latest brain wave. Now there isn't anything wrong with that procedure. It is ethical business to praise ones own product and normally no harm is done in doing so. But this is what happened: callers and dancers grabbed the bait, the hook, the line and the sinker. Sales of that record soared and a system was born. Nothing succeeds like success and all energetic operators followed the lead, both the callers and the record companies.

The system shot into orbit. In large letters that the scanning eye can't miss, record companies never heard of 5 years ago, shout the praises of some platter that they offer to the public for the current month, and advise that to be without it is to be naive, inane and old-fashioned. This record may be a new hash call or a newer singing call based on a tune of little merit that was in the top ten hill-billy hit parade 30 days ago, or it can be a new round dance that will be as dead as Marley's ghost 6 months from now.

Record companies sprang up in every other back yard with just one thought in mind - record 'em, tape 'em, sell 'em, then obsolete them as fast as ever they could. Dancers began to ask for the new routines they read about in their favorite square dance magazine, forgetting that what they had read was ballyhoo on boughten space and worded to intrigue. Callers were forced to purchase these recordings - or thought they were - and their piles of slightly used, physically, but completely worn out discs as far as dancer demand was concerned, grew higher and higher. They were big and heavy and human weakness or habit forbade throwing any of them away. Marvelous dust catchers for the caller's wife to tidy up regularly piled as they were in some remote corner of the home.



RCA Victor began fooling around with small 45 RPM records and spent untold millions of dollars in the attempt to sell them to what they believed was a gull-

ible public. John Q. Public was smarter than the RCA ~~business~~, and turned away from the wafer-thin discs in droves, until only the tin ear-agers were buying them. So now we return to the second smart cat, the owner of the small square dance record company. Yipee and a yip-ee-i-ay, did a bonanza drop into his lap? I'll say it did. Little seven-inch discs, which lost their brilliance after 40-50 playings, or just about the time their public appeal had waned seemed not to bother the conscience of the callers to heave them into the trash can, even though they cost just as much as the old standby 78s. Out they went without even a tear or a sad "goodbye". What the heck, they were as thin as cardboard, and some of them sounded as if they actually were. Who cares about secondhand cardboard?

New figures ballyhooed into orbit, and, pressed today were old hat on the morrow - today's accepted procedure. Round dances which can never replace Gay Gordons Boston Two-step, Veleta, St Bernard's Waltz, Maxina or Royal Empress Tango, to name a few, appeared out of the thin air and went soaring into the substratosphere to the benefit of the record companies and those cellar-taught teachers who jumped on the bandwagon and set up as experts, despite the fact that their previous ballroom experience could have been written on a small postage stamp.



The two original smart cats now had company for the newcomers bought page ads in the dance magazines to tell a hungry, fad-bitten public how good they were. The callers joined in and followed the lead thus set. Many big name travelling callers owe their demand in places far from home to the fact that they helped to

support some struggling dance magazine by using a page now and then to create public interest in their services.



So here's the system we have become victims to. The dancing public on their original wave of enthusiasm, after the first few lessons, buy a costume and subscribe to a couple of dance magazines - probably one national publication and one local one. Recording companies - and a new one appears out of Nowhere about every three months - fill up the pages of these magazines with paid publicity telling dancers what is newest and best. Name callers also buy some space in these magazines; the public reads and demands; the callers buy records; these same travelling callers create new records. More advertisements - more demands - more turnover of both dances and dancers - more obsolescence. Good records - well it doesn't pay to bring them out any more because they last too long and sell so few. Why record a grand old fiddle tune which would have a sale of 5-600 at the most, when with the same machinery and at almost the same cost, you can press one that will sell 4-5000, and find its way into the ash barrel in three to four months? You are intelligent, so just count the records destined to revolutionize the dancing world (so their sponsors said) during the past ten years, but have survived over six months. Your ten fingers will be enough. Then again, count the ones that have lived 10 years and have become a permanent part of dancing. This time one hand will do.

Now isn't that some system? We are being rat-raced crazy, and what is more, we are being told that we are supposed to like it. Unfortunately, the fall out under this system is lethal, and the question arises -

are enough people growing up to the age where they desire dancing, or are enticed into it, to fill in the gaps of the drop outs? No need to spell out the answer but here it is: we have reached the point of diminishing returns. The system brought us here, what are you going to do about it?

FOLK DANCE

JAMBOREE!

NOVEMBER 24, 25, 26, 1961

The weekend includes a Kolo Jamboree, a Folk Festival, Workshops with special leaders, etc.

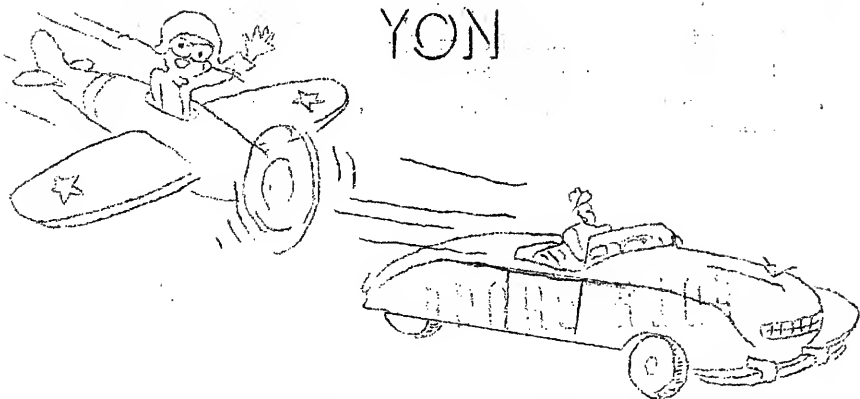
Positively no admission without advance reservation except for the Saturday Night Festival and the Friday night Party, which is open to all. ALL events take place at Folk Dance House EXCEPT for the Festival, which will be held at the Bryant School Gym, 48-10-31st Ave. Long Island City. All proceeds from this Festival go to the United Cerebral Palsy Fund.

SCHEDULE

Friday Night Party - - - - -	\$1.50
Saturday Morning Workshop - - - - -	1.50
Saturday Lunch - - - - -	.75
Saturday Afternoon Workshop - - - - -	3.00
Saturday Night Festival - - - - -	1.75
Sunday Morning Leader's Conference	no charge
Sunday Lunch - - - - -	.75
Sunday Afternoon Workshop - - - - -	3.00
Sunday Supper Snack - - - - -	1.00
Full weekend fee	10.00

HITHER AND

YON

MAINE FOLK DANCE
CAMP

The oldest of our New England Folk Dance Camps again was held at Pioneer Camps, Bridgton, Maine, for three sessions, opening Saturday, June 11th, and I can think of no better opening words than to quote from the pages of "Pioneer Press", the daily paper published at camp: "Well, bless my soul! If it ain't Maine Folk Dance Camp again, and we're off and running again at Pioneer Camps, dodging a few rain drops now and then, and generally having a splashing good time.

"We came from far and near, also from near at hand sort of, and if the United Nations ever decide to find out exactly how the world could live, they would do well to scan the pages of the Pioneer Press.

"We haven't a doubt in the world but what this will be a real fine camp, if for no other reason than that the staff is a bit confused! What with Laura Oden and Henry Lash waiting for Ralph yesterday at the Portland airport, and he waiting all the time in the Greyhound bus terminal; Mary T - having a bad time getting off the ground in Chicago last night and getting to

camp in the shank of the first evening; Mrs Aquino marooned on an island out in Casco Bay; and a slight case of sleepinlateness on the part of sundry staffers this morning; what else is needed to make us feel completely at ease?



We were at ease alright, and for the next three weeks the cares and woes of the world seemed nonexistent. The staff was an outstanding one as we have come to expect at Maine Camp. Mary Ann Herman, Madelynne Greene, Mrs. Aquino, Dick Crum, and Ralph Page, never were in better form; each one came up with at least one floor-stopper, as well as their usual number of dances with take-home value for newcomers and those of intermediate skills. New to the staff this year was Mme Francisca Aquino, from Manila, Philippine Islands, and some of the dances she taught are going to last in the folk dance repertoire of the United States for a long time to come. We are thinking particularly of Alahoy, Apat-Apat, and Polka Sa Nayon. The first two are easy mixers, great to open a party or to pep up lagging spirits, and the last named a square - though it may also be done in a big circle. There could be a "sleeper" or two among the several dances that she taught, but of those three we are sure: they will be a round for a long time.

You'll never get us out on such a limb as stating which of the dances taught at camp were the most popular. That is the surest way to lose friends and influence people to hate you. Instead, let's say that the three Philippine dances just mentioned along with Hasa misu, La Suriana, Elegance and Simplicity, and Po zelenoj trati, got everybody up on the floor in nothing flat.

Don't go to this camp thinking to lose a few pounds. Some of the meals were a gourmet's delight. Possibly 80 percent of the noon and evening meals were

nationality meals, and some that we recall with nostalgia are: the Swedish smorgasbords that traditionally are the last evening meal of each session. Man, the tables groaned! a Spanish-Portuguese supper; a New England meal of baked beans, baked ham, plus the other things that go with such a meal; AND one late evening, after-party snack of banana-splits!!! As they say in New Hampshire, "The Hermans set a good table."



And we'll close this account by quoting from the Pioneer Press once more, this time from the issue of June 26: "Man are we lucky that today's theme was Hawaiian! The committee worked like Trojans - and we know that is the wrong phrase for a Hawaiian - and set the dining room into an outdoor Island patio. The sad-eyed fishes sailing on the walls knew that they were going to feel at home, and before the whale had time to gobble up the flounder, the skies opened and gushing streams cascaded through the pineapple fields and palm rows. The sun came out briefly, then the thunder and lightning deluge played a return engagement, not once but thrice more. Talk about a storm backing up for a better "holt", this one did it with a vengeance!

"Dampening? Well, you know how we Hawaiians are! We snatched a rain cloud to shield our stringy locks, and laughed and danced and proved once again how wonderfully waterproof the human skin and spirit are. The luau which was planned to be under the open sky in the lazy twilight, was moved indoors in a twinkling, and the boys and girls in their colorful leis and muumuus and lava laves were just as gay as if we were on the sandy strand of Waikiki. The sight of Verne Morey, Ed Moose, and Ralph Page, in striking muumuus was almost too much for veterans of many Maine Camps, but everyone survived, including the intrepid three! Sitting cross-legged on the floor, with the patter of rain drowning out the creaking of certain knees and sundry other joints that hadn't bent that much in many a moon,

we dined royally on lau lau and ha ha poi, while the fish on the walls stared at us in sheer piscine envy.

"The party was a rouser once it got under way, and we paddled our way through the following dances: Waltz, Setnja, Tokyo don Takyu, Apat-Apat, Manang Biday, Criss Cross contra, Hasamisu, Jota Tapatia, Sestinski, Drmes, 2 squares that set back basic figures a good 6 months, Hukilau. We paused, not for refreshments, but to watch our Madelynne dance a hula, and to play the ever-popular Island Hopping game, that threatened to get out of hand as a few nonconformists carried their own island around with them. Then the requests and we bounded through: Slow Hasapiko, Zillertaller Laendler, Serbian Medley #3, Jota Mallorquina, Mayim Mayim, Bela Rada, Drmes, Neopolitan Tarantella, Karapyot, Money Musk, Gay Gordons, Hambo, David Melech, International waltz. And were we ever ready for snacks?!

What a treat! Oh boy! Pizza!! Oodles of them too, hot and spicy. And on that high note we slosh homeward. ALOHA!"

P.S. Don't get the idea that it rained all of the time - it didn't. Just a couple of times in the entire three weeks.

NEWS

SPECIAL NOTICE: The famous MAINE FOLK DANCE CAMP will have additional sessions in 1962. Here are the dates:

June 9-15	June 30-July 6	August 11-17
June 16-22	July 7-July 13	August 18-24

The August sessions will be geared for folk dance families with children being welcomed. More data from Folk Dance House, 108 W. 16th St. N.Y.C. This is the first time we have held sessions in July and August. **REGISTER EARLY!**



CALIFORNIA
FOLK
DANCE
CAMP

This is the place to go if you crave variety. It also is the place to go if you like an academic approach to folk dancing. It is different from any other folk dance camp in the country: Seven classes are in session simultaneously from 8 a.m. til 12:20 noon. You cannot escape the feeling of competition with this sort of set-up. It has the largest enrollment of any folk dance camp in North America - and I suspect, in the world - and the largest number of teachers on the staff as well. It is exciting; it is fun; the weather is delightful, and the campers interesting; the teaching talent extraordinary, and the dance ability of the campers amazing. In the twelve years that I have taught here, I have made many strong and lasting friendships, and hundreds of acquaintances, but I am not yet convinced that they have the best, or most lasting way of presenting a folk dance camp. It suits the people who live on the west coast though, and it suits the camp committee. I am hired to teach contras and not to expound my likes and dislikes of the way things are operated. Let's keep it that way.

Three innovations were tried this year and each one seemed successful and undoubtedly will be retained. 1. Camp opened a day earlier, on a Sunday afternoon so that everyone was together for the evening meal and the opening night party. It also meant that Monday saw classes starting at 8 a.m. 2. A special room was set aside for the faculty, and used exclusively by them as a place to relax, drink innumerable cups of coffee or tea,

THE ROUNDUP

FOLK DANCE INFORMATION

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YEAR END CAMP

WITH

DAVE ROSENBERG
DICK CRUM
ROD LINNELL
RALPH PAGE
RICH CASTNER
and others

December 29th

to

JANUARY 1st

YEAR-END CAMP begins with the evening meal, Thursday, December 29th, and closes with the noon meal, Monday, January 1st.

The cost? Only \$37.00 per person for the full four days, plus cost of hotel room at about \$3.50 per day. The \$37.00 pays for all meals, snacks, instructions and parties, and to hold your place, please send advance registration fee of \$10.00 per person to ADA PAGE, REGISTRAR, 182 Pearl St. Keene, N.H. This advance registration will be returned to you if for any reason you find it impossible to attend, provided that you let us know by December 22nd. We will make your room reservation for you, if you want us to do so, and if you will tell us in advance, or we will send you a list of places and you do your own reserving at the place of your choice. Part time campers will be accepted at \$11.00 per day, and yes, advance registration is needed for part timers too. You see we have to know how many people will be here for each meal - the cooks like it that way, and so do we!

Dear Friends:-

This letter is your own personal invitation to join us here in Keene, N.H. December 28-January 2, and be an important part of our 9th ANNUAL YEAR-END CAMP. We'll hold activities in Masonic Hall, West St. but two or three blocks from the center of town.

You will pardon us we're sure, if we "point with pride" to our staff. Just think of it! Dave Rosenberg, Dick Crum, Rod Linnell, Ralph Page, for general folk dances and American squares and contras, along with Rich Castner and algood folk song leader, if we can find one, make for a full complement of dance enjoyment. Of one thing we're sure - with that group of leaders, there will be no dull moments for that weekend!!!

In addition to dancing you will find opportunities for discussion sessions on many phases of dance and recreation. Evening parties will give you a chance to take part in, or to note how to program your own parties for your own group. More and more we are coming to believe that PROPER PROGRAMMING IS THE MOST IMPORTANT PART OF ANY ACTIVITY. Here you will see how it works - and actually take part in it, thus gaining invaluable experience. We'll tell you ahead of time that one of the evening parties will be built around a GAY NINETIES theme, and one other on the idea of an INTERNATIONAL CAFE.

Do not be afraid to come if your dancing has been limited; we like beginners, and so does every one of our staff. Besides, there are very few expert dancers in the world anyway.

We also eat, and how!! American breakfasts, but other meals will be international, and you couldn't get them anywhere else in America. Our camps are noted for their outstanding meals, and some scrumptious ones are being planned for you at this one. Piping hot coffee will be on hand at all times and there's nothing like a cup of steaming hot coffee between dance sessions to perk you up and get you relaxed for the next session!

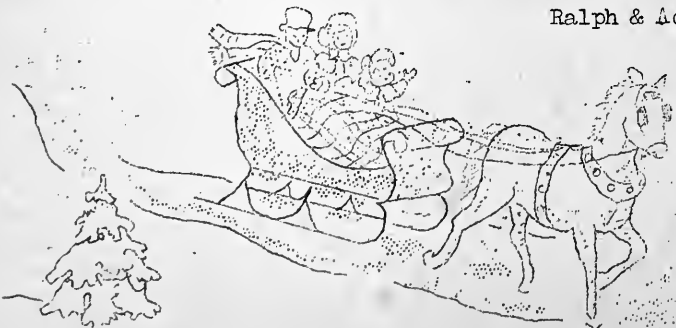
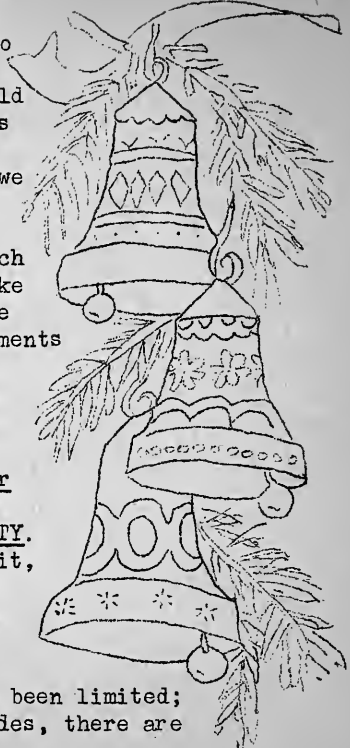
YEAR-END CAMP begins with the evening meal Thursday, December 28th, and closes with the noon meal Monday, January 1st. This will enable you to get home after the holiday weekend in time for a good night's rest, before joining your less fortunate neighbors and fellow workers.

And speaking about meals reminds us that Angela Taylor, Martie McKie and Anna Colby again will prepare our meals, and have promised that no one will go hungry.

If you can't come, please hand this letter to a square or folk dancing friend, and perhaps he or she will come in your place.

With all best wishes for a happy holiday

Ralph & Ada Page



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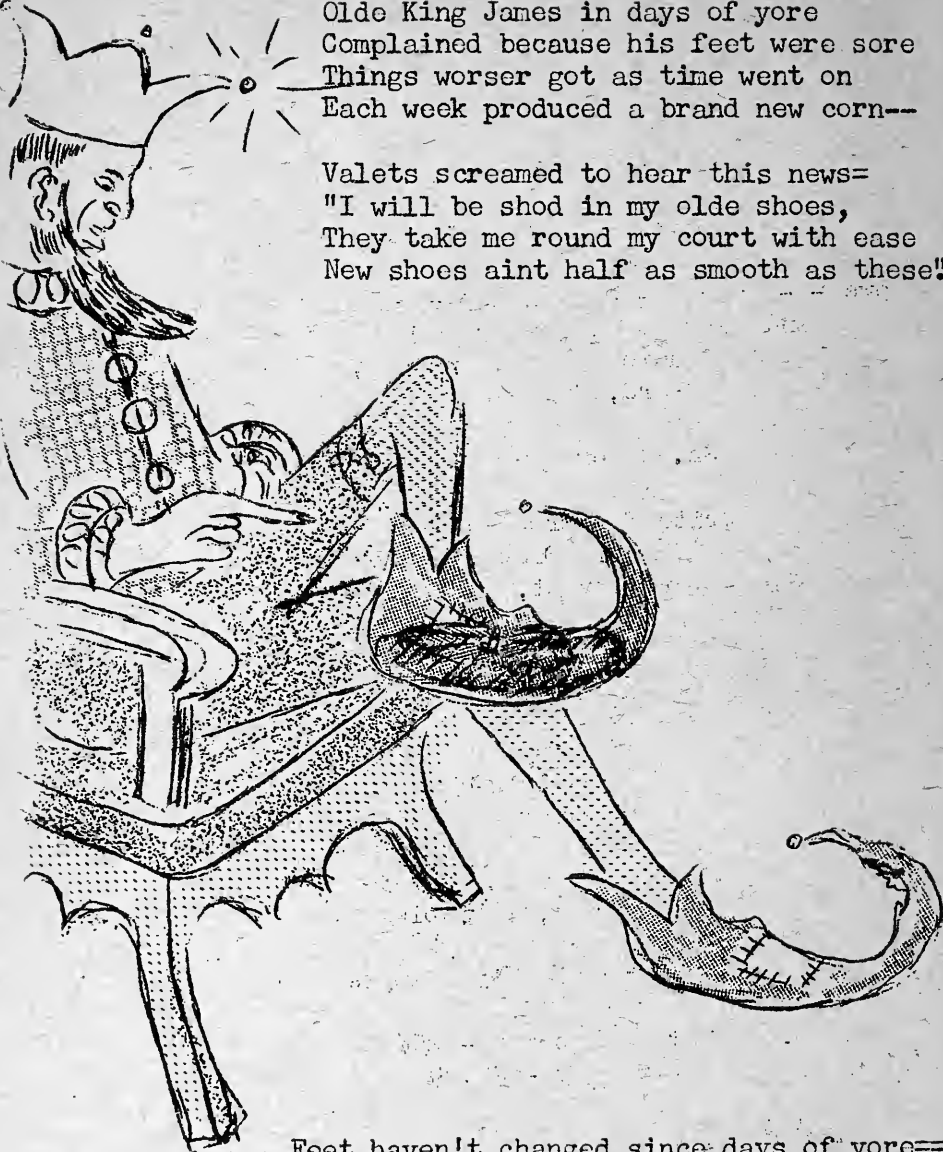
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Write to Dr. Hugh Thurston, Department of Mathematics,
University of British Columbia, Vancouver 8, B.C. for
a copy of their new bi-monthly magazine "THE THISTLE"
of especial interest for Scottish Country Dancers.



Olde King James in days of yore
Complained because his feet were sore
Things worser got as time went on
Each week produced a brand new corn--

Valets screamed to hear this news=
"I will be shod in my olde shoes,
They take me round my court with ease
New shoes aint half as smooth as these!"

Feet haven't changed since days of yore==
They like their comfort more and more.

PP 8/25/61

and enjoy a late, late snack. 3. The Saturday night dinners were very special affairs. The first one being an Hawaiian meal, and the second a western steak dinner. The dining room was tastefully but simply decorated. The campers loved the idea, and so did the regular professors of the University of the Pacific on campus for summer school duties.

The faculty room was wonderful. Of course we used to gather in one of the rooms anyway for a late talk and coffee, but this year it was official - and I got a little more sleep too, even if the room was directly across the hall from my own. Among other things it gave us a chance to get better acquainted with each other and an opportunity to discuss some of the problems that are always arising in the dance world. How else could we have learned about a theologian's changing attitude toward the dance and recreation in general aside from listening to Glenn Bannerman discussing it? What better way to learn of the similarities between Scottish country dances and New England contra dances than to listen to C. Stewart-Smith as he described the dances and dance steps of Scottish dancing? Or to realize that all of us abhorred the trashy choreography of many "modern" dances? And finally, to understand that each of us had the same ideals and aspirations for dancing in our recreation movement?



Five French-Canadians from the Province of Quebec added a great deal to the gayety of camp life, especially to the all-camp assembly periods at the end of each session, and to the Kitchen Junkets and Irish Ceilidhes. Personally, I felt right at home because almost always at our eastern camps we are joined by many of our friends from across the border. I'd say that the contras that Michel Cartier called in French at a couple of the lawn parties and Junkets, and the square that Andre Arsenault called at the Junket and one lawn

party were some of the highlights of the evening activities.

We missed the trip to Murphys in the Mother Lode country, but with camp opening Sunday afternoon with registration and the opening party that night it was impossible to schedule it this year. It was nice to get away from camp for a few hours, and that is not intended to be in any way derogatory. Simply, it offered a change and a decided break in camp life that was welcomed by the staff and by the campers who stayed over for the second session.

The weather really was superb this summer for we had but two truly hot days. Why, one day it was cloudy all day and one night about 2 a.m. it rained very hard for about fifteen minutes. Really now! What is the Golden State coming to?

Each year we look forward to the few days after camp which we spend, along with the Jerry Helts, with the Bev Wilders at Walnut Creek, and then on to the Wilder homestead in Ben Lomond. About all that we did this year was sleep and eat and loaf around, occasionally stirring up enough energy to go out in the backyard and chase away the birds from the blackberry patch, and gorge ourselves on huge, dead-ripe, honey-sweet berries. And off that high note we'll leave California until July of 1962. See you then in Stockton?

* * * * *

Registrations are being accepted for the Third Annual Spring Square Dance Festival, Sheraton-Park Hotel, Washington, D.C. March 8,9,10, 1962. Write to Joe & Jean LeCompte, Registrars, 4912 Sherrier Place, N.W. Washington 16, D.C.

* * * * *

1961
NOVA
SCOTIA
DANCE
CAMP

by HERB WARREN



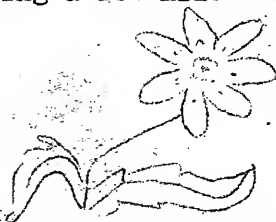
It is one sideliners' earnest opinion that the Dance Camp at Ked-ge Lodge, Queen's County, August 21-25, registered an important step forward by Nova Scotia in the American dance world.

Sponsored by the Physical Fitness Office, Nova Scotia Department of Education, and strongly supported in various ways by the "Workshop" - group of callers, and leaders, very active in promoting the revival of country dancing - the Camp brought together fifty or so eager learners of dance skills and know-how, mostly from the central and the western parts of the province.

The staff was aptly chosen for the work and fun to come, but one peculiarity, in a manner of speaking, was noticeable: every time one of them spoke, the audience could easily detect an echo of New England; and well they might, with a staff recruited from the central part of the Baked Bean Belt: Ralph Page to direct the overall dance program and teach contras; Rod Linnell for squares and sundry knacks of the trade; Conny and Marianne Taylor for folk dances and new aspects of the dance world. Fortunately for the staff it had the

able and active backing of Freda Wales, Physical Fitness, as Camp Co-ordinator for the ever-important administrative part of the project.

There was much of a New England slant to the teaching and program content, but it was definitely tailored - no pun intended - to fit Nova Scotia conditions for the promotion of country dancing as an easy and enjoyable way to more recreation for all. The dancers graciously accepted this manner of presentation with nary a remark, such as, "---not the way we do it back home", at times heard from a Yankee off the home front for the evening a few miles "daown th' rhud".



The teaching was unusually effective, the success of it due, in no small part, to the eagerness to learn of those on the floor - excellent example of the two-way process of teaching and learning. There were pleasant moments when the learning process showed high visibility in unscheduled and unexpected ways, say, the one that four gents, inadvisedly, set out to have themselves fun at another's expense. The four just happened to sidle up to the front of the room and form a set near Rod. Brief talk through, and on with the dance. But, the set did any figures but those called - could have been more upsetting than the old Badger game, but it wasn't. By the fourth call, the Frolicsome Four found themselves in other sets all over the hall, following the calls impeccably. It is probably out of place here to help in the game of "Guess Who", but here's a hint on those who learned their lesson short-order: "You Know Who", yes, all keyed up, had time for three calls of his own; the writer, trailing along, sort of; two Nova Scotians who went along for the ride. Conclusion: you don't ride Rod when he is calling, but you can learn a lesson in trying to.

The spirit for all among friends came out strongly in the evening parties, 1961 workshop innovation. The Gay Nineties party the third evening added a new note of gayety to camp life. The staff had readied up a nicely planned program, "The Ked-ge Cotillion", list of dances on a big placard at the head of the hall a hand-printed program to be filled with names of partners chosen. Everybody, and we do mean everybody, showed up ahead of time, adorned, more or less, in period finery. Yes, He, "You Know Who", tails and derby, fairly beaming all over the place, no time out for a cigar. The opener - Grand March and Circle - set things off just right for Gay Ninetyish fun. Then it was busybodies all over the floor, all evening long, no leftovers to warm the benches. Many numbers were reviews of dances taught - squares, contras, folk - but others came unpracticed, new ones. The Tempest, Gay Nineties favorite, went over with the greatest of ease, everybody pleased; Texas Schottische for Three bagged instanter for an encore, and got it; Polka Sa Nasyon, now fast-growing favorite, provided a lot of good fun; toward the end Badger Gavotte was tucked in for a breather, fitted to a tee. The grand finale came sooner than expected, time only for two "extrys". So, a grand good party with much take-home value and many conversation pieces for later review.

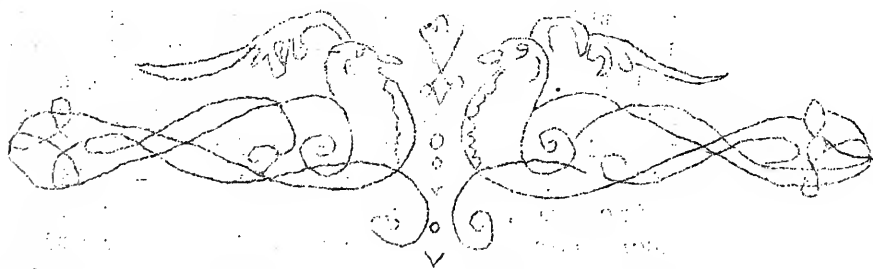


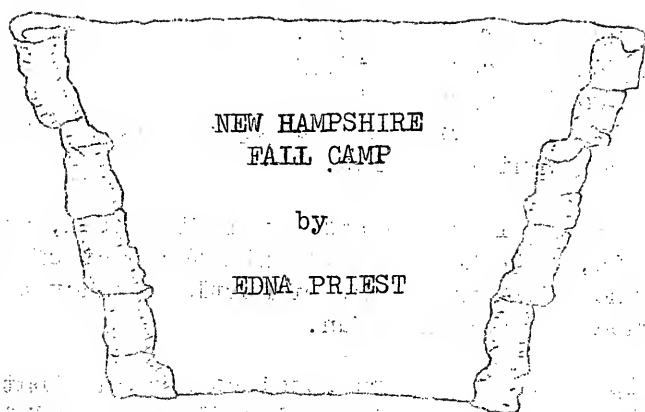
More than ever, this year there was a lot of talking things over. The new arrangement of everybody eating together made two-way conversation easy and entertaining. Staff members changed tables and companions from meal to meal and were kept busy every moment from the time they gathered their good Lodge food up front till they carried back their well-emptied dishes. Also noticeable, longer days made shorter nights sleeps. So much there was to exchange in conversation - information, experiences, good talking, that many lights did

not go out till the wee, sma hours, and in some cases the hours were neither wee nor sma.

One thing about Ked-ge, strange to most people on the inside of the USA borders, is that the project was sponsored by the Nova Scotia Department of Education. The Physical Fitness Branch of the Department was able to co-operate with the "Workshop" and lend needed help in publicity and administration. It worked beautifully in this case, with a good promise of working again too. Anybody this side of the border want to approach his State Department of Education for getting a lift in operating a dance camp, or other kindred project?

Overall, the main impression, built on sideline observations, and some over-hearings, is that of hospitality of group members not only in the usual social sense, but strikingly in eagerness to learn, and to accept staff ideas and suggestions often new and strange. There was an easy-to-feel camaraderie between the two groups from opposite sides of the Bay of Fundy, always the big attraction that we value high whenever we linger little or long beyond our own frontiers. We guests from the outside at Ked-ge this year, congratulate every Canadian who played any part in the success of the 1961 Camp. We think that you have your feet on solid ground, progressing apace in the revival of country dancing as an added attraction to the way of life of your communities; we shall watch and listen with interest. In the meantime, many hopes that Ked-ge proves to be the springboard for more jumps ahead, and 'happy landings'.





Ralph and Ada Page had their usual good food, fun and frolic at their Fall Folk Dance Camp at the Inn at East Hill Farm, Troy, N.H. People were there from all around, in and out of state, from as far south as North Carolina to as far north as Ottawa, Ontario - west to Colorado - east to New Brunswick. Most of them, of course, were from the New England states and New York and New Jersey. The dancers were all ages and although there were many teachers among them, they were there to dance, and this they did.

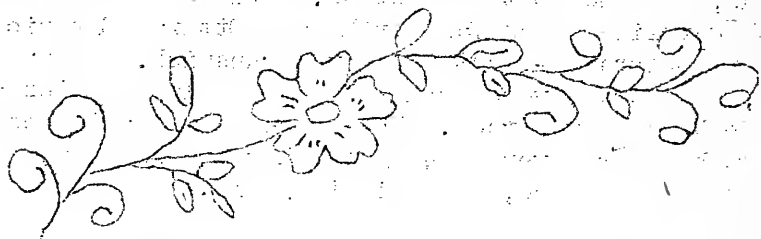
The dancing classes were fun in spite of some humid afternoons. New member on the staff this year was Douglas Kennedy, from London, England. Visiting in this country for some two months it was too good a chance to miss not having him there to show us some English country dances. He really made them fun, too, and we got a big kick out of dancing the one with a hey for three in it, plus a handshake somewhere along the line, all the while trying to watch out the corner of our eye the set that included Ralph Page and Rod Linnell. Mr Kennedy is a very versatile fellow because he led some singing one night and such a gay time hasn't been had for years.

Jeannie Carmichael had her fine sessions in Scottish dancing, and because she was on in the afternoon part of the time, we got to one of her classes on one of the hottest afternoons.

Conny Taylor kept us real busy in his classes of general folk dances. Incidentally, we liked the Philippine dance Polka Sa Nasyon that he taught. Everybody else did too and it was a scramble for places when it was announced at the evening parties.

Rod Linnell was in his usual fine form, and proved once again, that he can call with the best of them. He called the old-time form of Portland Fancy one night and darned if it wasn't fun.

Ralph did the contra sessions and one that he did is one to remember. It is called Elegance and Simplicity, and don't let the name fool you. It is elegant but it isn't simple, not as a duple minor anyway. Several very experienced dancers had a lot of trouble with it.



These New Hampshire Camps have been running since 1950, and it seems like an extended Old Home Day to go to them now. It makes for a good time to visit with such long-time campers as the Jerry McCarthys, Paul Mosses, the Pop Stahls, the Ed Moodys, Herb Warren, Dave Bridgham and Louise Winston. Jerry "held court" one evening after the snack and you could have heard us laughing all the way to Troy, two miles away. Pop Stahl had a birthday while at camp, and he and his wife Carrie, were given a special table in the middle of the dining room, at which Rich Castner served them with great pomp and ceremony. Everyone knows how well Rich can do a bit like that one!

The crafts program was in evidence all around. People were making the various things that people like to make at camp - some were very ambitious, but most would be finished by the time the owners left for home.

Moccasins were the favorite projects, it seemed, this year. All this activity was in charge of Mary Frances and Bill Bunning, who certainly know how to get a good craft project going. We always visit the hard-at-work craftsmen when we get to camp, but we still are just lookers-on. Everyone needs somebody to discuss their work with and we would just as soon be the ones.

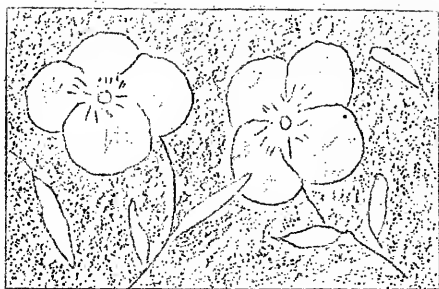
There wasn't anything ordinary about the menu this year, either. Ada had posted attractive menus for each day on the walls, and although they may have been Greek to a lot of us, they included Italian, Turkish, Yugoslavian, American corned beef and cabbage, a New England turkey dinner, and Swedish smorgasbord with most delicious cakes for dessert, that we didn't get to eat because we had to leave about supper time. It would seem that nobody went hungry while there.

On the night of the Turkish supper, Bill and Ruth Schenck, of Keene, gave a talk and showed the costumes they brought home with them from Turkey. They spent three years in the country while Bill taught at the American University. The colored slides and movies in color were nice and added a lot to camp life. All of us tried a couple of Turkish dances that night under the guiding hand of Bill.

As usual the auctions held for the benefit of the scholarship fund, proved exciting, and a lot of fun, even if you didn't buy anything. Some unusual items turn up for sale and this year was no exception for we saw three cooked ready-to-eat Maine lobsters, and a live pig among the rarer items. Ed Moody bid in the pig, and must have had fun getting it home to Hollis! The wildest bidder still is Trevor Barker and he'd be hard to beat.

From all this you might think that we had a good time. We did!





THE STOWE FOLK FESTIVAL

by Mae & Paul Moss

The much publicized town of Stowe, Vermont, was the scene on September 29-30 and October 1, of the Stowe Folk Festival, under the direction of Conny and Marianne Taylor. The brochure advertised the Festival as a "Weekend of Dancing-Singing-Yodeling", and all three activities were enjoyed by the one-hundred-thirty full timers and over three hundred part-timers. The weather was in fine form and, except for the fact that the meaves had not started to "turn" (a trick of Nature this year), Stowe, Vermont, could not have been more beautiful and picturesque.

Enthusiasm ran high at the opening party Friday night in Memorial Hall. Full timers kept signing in throughout the evening and by 10:30 the walls were beginning to bulge. A pleasant ending to the party was a song session led by Matt Pykósz, music supervisor in the local schools, who had the ability to bring out the best singing we have heard in some time, even in the three-part rounds.

On Saturday morning, beginners danced in Memorial Hall, while those who were more experienced transferred to the High School Gym. It was folk dancing in the hall, and squares and contras in the gym for the first session. Then, the leaders switched locales and types

of dancing - easy and more experienced. This division of groups was necessary because of the large number of people registered.

One of the most enjoyable innovations of the Stowe Festival was the three-part yodeling instruction by Werner von Trapp of the famous Trapp Family Singers which, with dancing, occupied Saturday afternoon. That evening we were treated to a Vermont Junket supper in the Stowe Community Church. Real country food, deliciously prepared and served buffet style and we must report that the art of baking bread is not a lost art up that way, any more than is the home-baking of apple pumpkin or mincemeat pie.



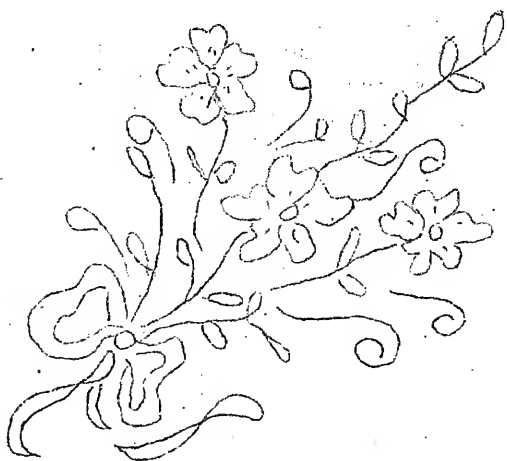
Special mention must be made of the Saturday night party in the gym. 350 friends and neighbors plus the 130 campers joined together to make it an evening that will not soon be forgotten. Exhibitions were given by a group of young people from Les Cotillons of Montreal, who danced three authentic quadrilles in costumes peculiar to the region where the dances originated. They were a gay and accomplished group. The Shooting Stars from Enosburg Falls, Vermont, a teen-age group directed by Rev. and Mrs. Fred Haskins danced the Geud Man of Ballingigh in fine style. The Taylor's folk dance group showed Fandango, Kreuz Koenig, and a medley of Serbian dances.

General dancing at this and all other sessions, was varied, with Ralph Page, Rod Linnell, Dick Crum, and the Taylors doing their usual fine work in the specialties for which they are justly famous. During one of the contra dances that night, the line seemed to stretch into the middle of next week, so great was the enthusiasm for this form of dancing. A completely fil-

led floor was the rule of the evening, whether the dancing was folk, square, or contra. Many new dances were introduced, as well as the old favorites.

Sunday, a box lunch was the order of the day, to be eaten at the top of Mt. Mansfield, after a breath-taking ride up the chair lift. Our appetites had been whetted by a morning dance session at Spruce House, a ski lodge in the shadow of Mt. Mansfield. It was a new experience for us to participate in yodeling at the top of the mountain with a gorgeous panorama stretched out for miles in every direction. The presence and assistance of the founder of the Trapp Family Singers, the Baroness von Trapp, made us feel that we were most fortunate in having such excellent advance planning. It was quite evident that everyone's yodeling improved with the help of this remarkable person, her talented son, and the rarefied mountain air.

The long ride home was spent reminiscing, and the Stowe Festival will linger in our memory for many years to come. We plan to spend more time in Stowe in the future. Our reaction to the whole weekend was "How fortunate to be able to enjoy the festivities planned by the Taylors."



SQUARE DANCE

AVALON

Old-Time Singing Quadrille - "Old Smoothie" Type

Record - Rock Candy "Avalon" 708B (Slowed down a bit)

The head two couples promenade half way round
Go to the right - right and left through that couple
there (don't return)

Then all four ladies chain half way across
Find your corner, do si do, your corners all
Join hands, circle left around that ring
Then swing your left hand lady round and round
Promenade that girl that you just found
Back home to Avalon.

Repeat once more for head couples

Break -

The head two couple right and left through, don't
return
Side two couples right and left through the same (don't
return)

All four ladies chain half way across
Go to the corner, do si do, your corners all
All four men left hand star half way round
Then swing your partners all when you meet
Promenade your own, promenade her home,
Back home to Avalon.

Repeat once more for side couples

Repeat "break" for ending.

CONTRA DANCE

PORTLAND FANCY

(Famous old-time dance



Let's get something straightened out now, in the beginning: THERE IS MORE THAN ONE WAY TO DO THIS DANCE!!!! So if you remember another version, or have directions for another version, you are correct, and so are your directions.

PORTLAND FANCY

Form in lines up and down the hall of two couples standing side by side facing another line of two couples who also stand side by side. Like this:

Head of hall

OXOX

OXOX

OXOX

XOXO

XOXO

XOXO

OXOX

OXOX

OXOX

XOXO

XOXO

XOXO

The calls

Eight hands around

Heads chassez, foot outside (and back to place)

Heads outside, foot chassez

Right and left four

Ladies chain

All forward and back

Forward again, pass through two lines.

Explanation

Head lady and opposite gent join hands and chasses down the center of the set. At the same time the foot gent and opposite lady walk up the outside of the set to the head. The head lady and opposite gent chasses back to back up the center to place. At the same time the foot gent and opposite lady walk down the outside of the set to place. Then, foot couples chassez up the center as the head couple walks down the outside. Both return to home position in similar manner. The two couples in the middle stand in place meanwhile.

All forward and back etc. Each line of four people pass through the line of four people with whom they have been dancing; continue through the line of four coming toward them and repeat the dance with the next line of four people. When a line reaches the head of the hall, or foot of the hall, they turn as couples and dance the

figures with the line coming toward them as they finish turning as couples. They will have a new head lady and foot gent too.

A very slight variation of the dance is to have couples who are going up or down the outside, balance a forward and back balance toward each other as they reach the end of the line. This seems to fill out the music better.

Another version is to call: "Chain at the heads, right and left at the foot. Right and left at the head, chain at the foot." This version probably came from "California Reel."

Still another version, and possibly more widespread is to line up the couples in lines of two couples facing another line of two couples around the hall instead of up and down the hall. Everything is the same except - "All forward and back. Forward again, pass through one line. Circle eight hands around with the next you meet" In other words, pass through just one line.

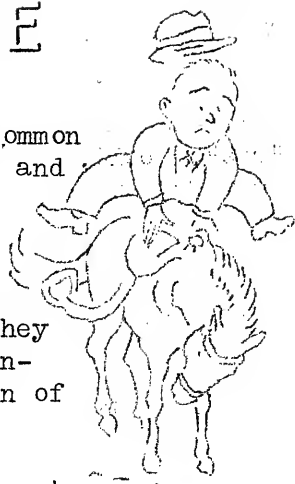
And you might as well be thoroughly confused as the way you are, for here is still another version that is called "Portland Fancy" but is more like "Soldiers Joy". In a circle around the hall, one couple facing another couple. "Four hands around, the other way back. Right and left with the same. Opposite ladies chain. All forward and back. Forward again and pass through. On to the next and circle four, etc etc."

Most of the old-time balls or cotillions worthy of the name, opened their program with a March and Circle, and some form of the "Portland Fancy" was done for the "Circle". I am pretty sure that it was an "around the hall version." The "up and down the hall" I believe was done at any time during the evening, and was especially popular in central and northern Vermont. Personally I like this version the best of all, though they are all good in their place.

PAINLESS

FOLKLORE

Superstitions die hard. The common garden herb, with the square stems and the wooly leaves, known as "sage" has figures pretty prominently in various "cures" for human ailments for many centuries. The wisest men of the old Roman Empire believed they acquired their wisdom by eating generously of sage. We still say a man of great wisdom is a "sage."



The old Romans even thought the eating of sage would prolong life. Too, their meals were pretty tasteless affairs, so copious amounts of sage added zest to the food.

The sage herb, a member of the mint family, was native to Europe; there, over a period of centuries, it found many medicinal uses, as well as a seasoning for food. One of the most troublesome diseases of ancient times was asthma. A great percentage of the population was affected, at one time or other, with this illness.

Here, too, sage was believed to be the remedy. The leaves were dried and smoked in pipes. Unearthed ruins have brought to light many of these old objects, but archeologists believe the pipes were used for sage leaf smoking, as tobacco was not used at that early age.

The valuable sage plant, as well as the dried leaves, were transported to many countries. Much later the sage plant was introduced to America. It became a

part of every herb garden.

Sage-tea was standard treatment for ague, chills, and various other diseases. It also was supposed to be beneficial for "upset stomachs."

The ancients believed that sage, along with another old herb called "rue", would, by growing close together, keep toads away from the garden.



POGONIP

Occasionally a weather term will come to light and seem entirely new **only** because we have not experienced the phenomenon it describes.

One such is "pogonip", which Ivan Brunk defines in "Weatherwise" as an American Indian word meaning frozen fog, fine ice crystals which occur in the mountain valleys of the United States.

The Indians believed that breathing the fog caused injury to the lungs, and as a result, wide superstition of fear grew out of pogonip.

TRY IT AND SEE

Although it sounds easy, you cannot rise from a chair in your normal sitting position without bending your body forward or putting your feet back under the chair for leverage.





DOWN MEMORY LANE

Some folks are anxiously looking forward to making a round trip to the moon - as soon as they put in tourist rates.

Others of us stubbornly like to recall the flavor of life as it used to be. We enjoy getting together and playing the old memory game.

For example, can you remember when -

You could get a teen-ager to baby sit all evening for 50 cents and a plate of fudge?

When half the dogs in town were Tighe, Buck or Prince, and they lived out their lives without ever being taken to an "animal doctor"? The vets made a living then treating cows and horses.

When a nickel would buy you a ride on the subway or street car, or a hot dog, or a big candy bar, or an ice cream cone, or a tall foamy glass of beer?

When the nearest thing to a juvenile delinquent was the tough kid who smoked cornsilk cigarets and insisted on playing marbles for keeps?

When a man was as proud of showing off a pair of new \$7.50 shoes as he is today of showing off a new \$4.000 automobile?

When nobody ever got his toes sliced off in a power lawnmower, because all lawnmowers were powered by hand?

When you had no need for an alarm clock? The man next door still kept chickens in his back yard, and his rooster woke up the whole neighborhood before dawn.

When no house had a patio, but every home had a big comfortable front porch swing - especially if it held any daughters of marriageable age.

When at dusk a man on a bicycle rode by to light the street gas lamps? Every kid wanted to grow up and be a lamplighter.

When a working man's dream of affluence was to own a Sunday silk shirt with stripes half an inch wide?

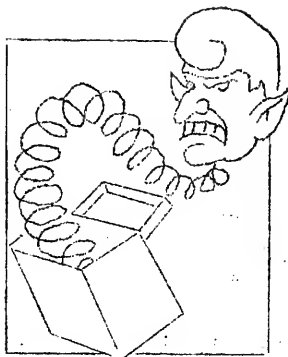
When, if a child sasssed a teacher he got a ruler across the knuckles instead of an emergency consultation with the school psychiatrist?

When the height of adventure to a small boy was to dig a small cave in the back yard, roof it over with slabs and dirt, and roast potatoes in it until the smoke drove him out coughing, into the fresh air?

When no kid ever wondered what to do on Saturday? That was the day he cleaned out the coal furnace and carried out the week's accumulation of ashes from the basement?

When everybody knew who wore the pants in the family, and nobody argues about it? It was father's.

Those were the days!! Remember? It really wasn't so long ago!



TONGUE TWISTERS

Steve and Cecil Stiver's sister's scissors snipped 16
satin strips shorter 'n shorter.

Three gray geese in green grass grazing; gay were the
gray geese and green was the grass.

Susie Smith smiled sweetly, saluting six sitting sis-
ers sifting several sacks of sooty cinders.

Beth's best beau bet Bess' best beau Beth's blue blouse
belonged to Bess.

Sam Schloop slurped leek soup.

The slipper strap slipped slowly off the slim soldiers
shoulder.

A miracle drug is any medicine you can get the kids to
take without screaming.

If you laughed loudly
When you tricked 'em,
Then laugh as loudly
When you're the victim

Things have a way of working out for the best. Other people's troubles are never as bad as ours, but their children are always a whole lot worse.

The man who always
Drives too fast
Is apt to find
His future's past.

One Minute Quiz: If Dick's father, Harry, is Tom's son, what relation is Tom to Dick? Answer in one minute.

Answer: His grandfather.

WHY WE SAY

Great Scott: This exclamation became popular during the Mexican War when General Winfield Scott was praised as America's greatest general.

Jay Walker: A person who jaywalks cuts diagonally across the street. The allusion refers to the jay bird, which usually runs after things diagonally.

Gone To Pot: When we say that something is "gone to pot", we mean that it is no longer useful. The expression alludes to the practise of sending useless scrap metal to the melting pot.

Rule of Thumb: When we go by "rule of thumb", we don't use regular measuring devices. The expression originated in liquor plants in England. The heat of a vat of whisky was determined by sticking a thumb in it.

On the Level: This term for someone who is being truthful originated with Freemasonry. The level is a symbol of that organization, and Masons used the term in reference to fellow Masons.

THINGS TO DO

Make A Needle Float: You can surprise your friends by

making a needle float on water. First challenge them to do it. After they have failed, float a small piece of tissue paper in a glass of water. Then lay a needle on it. When the paper is soaked it will sink, leaving the needle floating.

PAPER BEAD NECKLACE

Materials needed to make one - brightly colored pages from magazines, toothpicks, elastic cord or string, paste and scissors.

From a magazine cut triangular strips of various sizes. Long strips will make thick beads, while wide ones will make wide beads.

Place strips colored side down and roll tightly around toothpicks, starting at the wide end. Paste down the end. Apply shellac. When dry, remove the toothpick.

String the beads on a cord. Any number of combinations may be achieved such as one large bead, then two smaller ones, then large, etc. or a graduation of sizes tapering down from the middle.

14th Annual

Folklore Village Christmas Festival

Mount Horeb, Wisconsin

December 27, 1961 to January 1, 1962

Staff: Jane Farwell Hinrichs. the founder of the Folklore Village Christmas Festival.

Marianne & Conny Taylor, general folk dances

Earl Gulley, square dances

Bill & Mary Frances Bunning, crafts

For further information please contact:

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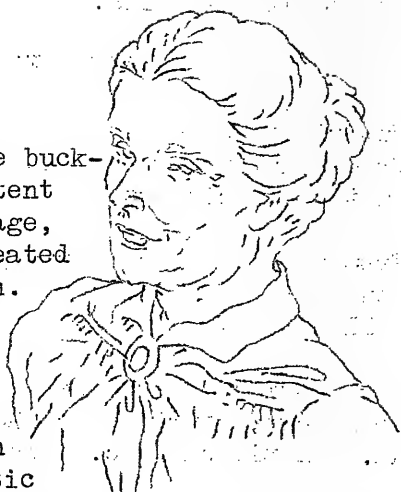
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KISS THE COOK

RECIPES

Gone are the days of the buckwheat cake, undone by the patent breakfast food of an effete age, which allows itself to be cheated with gravel, sawdust and bran. Here is a pretty tale for a rising generation.



Consider the dignity of the buckwheat tradition. With the first frost came the mystic rites; the batter crock was set for the night near the fireplace or adjacent to the stove. The cake which filled a breakfast plate was baked on a large flat-iron warmer and turned with a mason's trowel, none genuine without.

The moral issue was the tendency of the cakes to grow cold on the platter, if cooked faster than consumed and many a stoical character was trained on the yielding of the warm cake to the children, even if they were cool by the time Grandpa had dished in. For a cold cake to a warm one was as friendship to wedlock; wholesome but unsatisfying.

With the cakes came a jug of maple syrup; some preferred them with sausage, though this was an acquired taste.

The turning of the cake while cooking it required as subtle a flex of the wrist by Grandma as the change from up-bow to down-bow of the violin.

No more on frigid winter mornings are buckwheat

cakes served and what stock of heroes shall be bred on instant quickies?

Not to be confused with flapjack or fritter, the buckwheat cake originated with the Indians, and the vitamin-packed breakfast Grandpa knew, helped him build stout stonewalls, and shovel the paths through yesterday's drifted snow from the barn to the little house on the hill.

Paul Scruton

RED FLANNEL HASH

Old-time Yankee readers will smile at the thought of having to have a recipe - receipt, we're sprry! - for Red Flannel Hash, but there are so many Americans who have never tasted this delicacy that we'll chance the smiles for a chance to give this epicurean delight to the rest of the country. Many of us used to think that Red Flannel Hash was the best part of a boiled dinner. There are a few unbenighted souls who insist that onions belong in the dish, and if your taste buds are so depraved as to think likewise, then add 1/3 cup of finely chopped onions to the recipe as given, otherwise leave them out.

3 cups finely chopped, cooked potatoes

1 cup finely chopped, cooked beets

1 cup finely chopped, cooked corned beef

1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce

1 teaspoon salt

1/8 teaspoon black pepper

Milk or cream (about 6 tablespoons)

1/4 cup butter

Mix well the first three ingredients. Blend in the next three ingredients and enough milk or cream to hold mixture together. Heat butter in a large iron skillet. Add the hash mixture and press into an even layer. Cook over low heat until a brown crust is formed on the bottom. While hash is browning, loosen edges and bottom of hash and shake the skillet back and forth occasionally to prevent burning. When hash is

done, lightly fold in half and serve. Makes about six servings, depending on how hungry you are.

PANIJOGGLINS

This was a favorite dessert of mothers and we've yet to hear of it elsewhere. In the hope that maybe someone will recognize it by another name here it is.

1 cup sour milk
2 cups flour
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon nutmeg
1 teaspoon soda

Stir milk, flour, and soda together into a smooth mixture; add nutmeg and stir a little more.

Drop by teaspoonsful into deep, hot fat and fry like doughnuts. Serve with following sauce:

Sauce

$\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar
2 tablespoons flour
A little cold water

Mix well together and stir until smooth, then add boiling water to make proper consistency - thin, but not too thin. Flavor with nutmeg. Pour into deep bowl and add the fried panijogglins. Serve two to each member of the family, and include plenty of the sauce.

KITCHEN CAPERS

Save egg cartons for the time when the Christmas decorations must be put away again. They'll store fragile small ornaments in protective separate compartments.

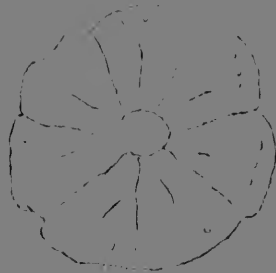
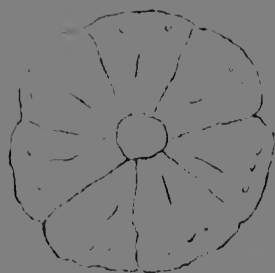
Lay a sheet of saran wrap over the open pages of cookbooks while recipes are referred to. The clear film is easily seen through, clings to the paper and protects against splashes and spills.



The

Artists

SPECIAL WORKSHOP
December 2-3, 1961
Folk Dance House
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